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THE Commonweal

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Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

THE TRAIN TO PUSAN
Patrick O'Donovan

A Catholic Statement on Soviet Anti-Semitism

Volume LVII, Number 20 February 20, 1953 Twenty Cent

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THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

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Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1953, in the U. S. A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y., MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada, $7 a year. Foreign $8. Single copies, 20c.

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THE Commonweal

week by week

FORMOSA ON ITS OWN

THE President's decision on Formosa is his most controversial move so far. Much depends on its ultimate tactical meaning. Mr. Eisenhower's presentation of the move as a withdrawal of our protection from the Communist China coast was a neat verbal trick, commendable as a hyper-diplomatic way of phrasing things; no one conversant with the state of the Chiang forces on Formosa had any idea that withdrawal of our "protection" would impel the Communists to rush divisions to man the defenses of their coast.

At first it appeared possible that this move was merely of the gesture variety. Actually the Navy has been permitting raids on the Chinese mainland ever since Mao's forces entered the Korean war. Here, then, was a formal recognition of that policy thrown out as a verbal blow in the cold war. Such was the reaction of the calmer sectors of public opinion—in this country and overseas. As late as its February 7 issue the London *Economist* was expressing "some relief . . . at the little President Eisenhower has suggested in the way of new action."

Yet, even on this minimal interpretation, the withdrawal of our Seventh Fleet would leave Formosa itself, the last real center of Chinese resistance, open to attack. Invasion could be the other way round, and Mao would be supported by a modern air force. Hence, even on this minimal interpretation, there lay a danger that the war in the Far East would be expanded; American forces might have to be called in to prevent this hitherto neutralized island—close to the Philippines, Okinawa, Korea and Japan—from falling into Communist hands.

An alternate interpretation of the Eisenhower move grew stronger as the state of the union message itself faded deeper and deeper into the past. It now seems more likely that the United States intends Chiang Kai-shek to mount full-scale attacks on the Chinese mainland. This would mean a big increase in American equipment and training personnel. And it would also involve American naval and air support of the attempted landings.

It is known that Mao's armed forces number up to five millions, while Chiang at best can muster 200,000 front-line troops, the loyalty of whom—both generals and men—is still open to some question. Chiang's spokesmen in this country refer to a million and a half guerrillas within Communist China, but all serious organized resistance there was liquidated months ago.

IF an honest and realistic appraisal of the Formosa move gives little hope of lessening enemy pressure in Korea by means of Chiang, it has greatly increased the apprehensions of our actual and potential allies in both Europe and Asia. The fear is not so much that this move will prove provocative; it is rather that the inevitable rescue operations will open up new fields of battle. As an essay in psychological warfare it appears to have spread much more anxiety throughout our own camp than behind the Iron Curtain.

One looks in vain for reassurance in the editorial columns of the American daily press, which continues to hail each and every step of the new Administration. Again and again the Formosa move is hailed for its vigor, its boldness, its indication of a desire for a change in a costly war of stalemate. Except for the intimation that it might enable the Nationalists to seize the island of Hainan, there is not the slightest indication how such operations would seriously harass the Chinese Communists. It was for David Lawrence to come through with the most curious of all editorial suggestions: that we trade some more old destroyers for quasi-permanent American bases on Formosa (whatever our friends in Asia may think of it). Finally, more and more public figures are calling for strategic bombing of China and a blockade.

The greatest virtue of the Formosa move is that for several months it will be possible to countermand it. For a while the President can always order the Navy back to patrolling Formosa Strait.

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"LIBERAL" VS. "CONSERVATIVE"

THROUGH no choice of its own, The Commonweal frequently finds itself described by both its friends and its critics as a "liberal Catholic" publication. The magazine's friends usually mean something quite different in their use of this term than do the magazine's critics, of course, and this fact reinforces the impression that "liberal Catholic" is at best ambiguous and at worst deceptive.

In challenge to that point of view, and in defense of a "Rightist" Catholic position, Mr. Frederick Wilhelmsen has written "The Conservative Catholic," an article which seems a significant statement of a position which The Commonweal's editors cannot share.

Hilaire Belloc's dictum: "The Faith is Europe and Europe is the Faith" is a brilliant summary of the attitude which lies behind much "conservative Catholic" thought. It certainly seems to be an attitude implicit in Mr. Wilhelmsen's thesis. But, brilliant or not, Belloc's aphorism expresses a tragically parochial vision of history and religion. For to make an absolute identification of Christianity with "Christendom," no matter how appealing the civilization of Christendom may seem in retrospect, is to formulate a doctrine whose application could mean only atrophy for the Church in the modern world.

It was such a doctrine which led Catholics in France to fight the Republic for a hundred years, making the restoration of the *ancien régime* a cause synonomous with the cause of the Church. Leo XIII eventually rebuked them, of course, reminding them that the cause of the Church is bound to the cause of no particular civilization or political order, but by the time of his rebuke the "tragedy of the nineteenth century" had already occurred.

Even after Leo spoke, however, there were Catholics who thought that he had succumbed to dangerous "liberal" thoughts. They continued to nourish their hatred of the democratic spirit, and they have their heirs today—Catholics who will still admit no good in, or compromise with, the Revolution. They thus place themselves outside of history—a heroic action, perhaps, but one which leaves them no hope of influencing history's course.

We wonder what the "conservative Catholic" of Mr. Wilhelmsen's persuasion would actually have us do. What program of practical action would follow from the application of his philosophy?

We are afraid that, practically applied, the philosophy of the "conservative Catholic" would commit us to such "causes" as the restoration of Otto von Hapsburg and the Holy Roman Empire. We think it would require our support of majoritarian Catholicism, with all in the way of coercion, censorship, and suppression which this implies. We suspect that it would demand our sharing the antimodern attitudes of a Cardinal Segura. We fear, in short, that it would require us to abandon the twentieth century.

The "liberal Catholic" admits neither the possibility nor the desirability of such an abandonment. He believes that in the present "absence of angels" and utopias from this world, both the Church and the individual Catholic must be content to work with men and in the necessarily imperfect civilizations of men. He believes that to identify the Church with a romantic past, even a Christian past, is to betray both the Church and the future. He believes that not only the Middle Ages, but also the Renaissance, the Enlightenment, and modern revolutions have taught the world some lessons which all Catholics would do well to learn. He believes that we must live in the modern world, and that it is this world which we must save, for, he reminds his "conservative" friends, we can have no other.

NEXT WEEK

JOHN W. SIMONS writes of T. S. Eliot's place as a poet and a critic.

". . . Some American Catholics have uncritically accepted Eliot as an ally and have exploited the poetry almost as if it were a tract. The poetry is there and has its own marvelous validity, and the beliefs that have entered its texture are of supreme revelance both for Eliot as an individual and for an understanding of the verse. If we continue to treat it as an orthodox restatement of Catholic doctrine we shall, on the one hand, alienate democratic social philosophers from the serious examination of the larger claims of Catholicism. And if Catholic critics persist in subjugating literary criticism to non-literary ends, they will earn the contempt of their more conscientious colleagues."

DEATH BY DEGREES

THE enterprising *Catholic Messenger* of Davenport, Iowa, recently published an English translation of a joint memorandum sent to Marshal Tito by the Yugoslav Catholic Bishops after their conference in Zagreb last fall.

The bishops outlined frankly the position to which the Church has been relegated in Yugoslavia in recent years. Religious freedom, formally estab-

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lished in the Yugoslav constitution, is at best partial.

Church records, taken by the State in 1946, have never been returned. Police authorities have insisted that organists and ecclesiastical choristers quit their posts. Priests are watched carefully; the free pulpit has disappeared. The bishops tell of one case they know of where a pastor was ordered to advise men and women in his sermons to stop going to church. Other priests have been arrested because quotations from the Gospels in their sermons were interpreted as being anti-State.

There were over two hundred Yugoslav priests in prison at the time the memorandum was written; the Bishops write: "One can say with a clear conscience that during the last eight years a considerable part of the Catholic clergy has experienced for longer or shorter periods the disgrace and hardships of prison." Physical attacks on the clergy are not rare. Gasoline was poured over the Bishop of Ljubljana last year when he was passing through a railroad station. Except for the Bishop's presence of mind he would have been burned alive. The attacker received only nine days in jail as punishment.

Church-going is studiously and systematically discouraged. Soldiers dare not enter a church, and the Bishops say that an Army officer would jeopardize his career by having his children baptized. Teachers in the state schools—where atheism is officially taught but religious instruction is forbidden—are not allowed to attend religious services.

The religious press is gone. Before the war there were one hundred and fifty-two Catholic publications in Yugoslavia; now only a few religious pamphlets come off the presses. There is no chance for the Church to answer while "the monopolist State press daily attacks the Catholic Church, her bishops and priests, sneers at the Faith, falsifies the historical record, thus damaging the Church, and makes mockery of ecclesiastical persons, religious rites, etc." The Pope is frequently abused and vilified in the one-party press.

Many convents and whole congregations of nuns in some provinces have been suppressed. The State has organized "priests' associations" for the purpose of breaking Church discipline and weakening religious life.

So goes the pattern of persecution in one Communist country—a slow, nagging thing that wears down the devout, exploits the personal prejudices of good men with other religious beliefs to win their half approval (*vide*: the recent article on Cardinal Stepinac in the *Christian Century*) and with deadly efficiency builds the future for atheism.

THE BEGINNING AGAIN

PERSECUTION indeed has been the terrible destiny of the Jewish people, for more than any others they have borne the wrath of blinded man, as he makes anger and despair into a creed.

Now it happens again in the Communist-dominated world. Anti-Semitism has been in the past an occasional tool for Communism, but now, in Prague and Moscow, the Soviets have openly begun a campaign against the Jews.

The outside world can only protest. Conceivably, a protest could be made which would influence Soviet policy. The outraged opinion of the non-Communist world might slow the Soviets; not even Hitler would have gone to the ghastly limit of gas-chambers, multilation and human experimentation had his people fully known what was happening, and had the world spoken loudly when persecution began. We are now at the beginning again. It is particularly important that non-Jews speak, for there must be a solidarity of free men in something like this. When Jews are threatened, we are threatened; just as the arrests of priests and the subversion of Catholic churches behind the Iron Curtain cast a shadow of threat on the Jews, the next group with independent allegiance and a devotion to something beyond Caesar.

If we protest, and make the Soviet and satellite peoples, those who have radios to hear with, know what is beginning, then we have at least a chance to prevent a repetition of the Hitler years. If we fail to speak out, we will forfeit the only opportunity we can expect to be given, and must share an implicit responsibility for whatever may come.

On the following page, certain American Catholics make such a protest. Catholics representing almost every part of the American community and almost every shade of political opinion join this magazine in condemning Soviet policy, and in commiserating with the Jewish world in its new agony. Those who signed this statement were arbitrarily chosen because they were prominent in a great variety of callings.

We are sorry that more could not have been invited to sign, but obviously every Catholic who really believes his profession of faith shares in the convictions of this statement, so these representative names must be taken as the names of a multitude of American Catholics.

We speak out; but against fratricide words are miserably weak. For whatever it may accomplish, we are on record to the world of men. The only other words can be addressed to God, Who listens to those who suffer, and to those who fast and pray.

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A Catholic Statement on Soviet Anti-Semitism

WE call upon the conscience of the world through governments and the United Nations to protest against the outrageous new Anti-Semitism of the Communist world, and in David's words we pray that God will deliver the Jews from the hands of their enemies and from those who persecute them. Having seen our fellow Catholics persecuted by the Soviets, we offer special sympathy to Jews in their new trial, in this latest threat of genocide in our time.

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President, B. Altman & Co.

Bing Crosby
Actor, Singer

Edward Curley
President, Association of Catholic Trade Unionists

Mrs. William H. Dalton
President, National Council of Catholic Women

Dorothy Day
Editor, The Catholic Worker

William J. Donovan
Attorney, Former Head, Office of Strategic Services

Eddie Dowling
Actor, Producer

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Rt. Rev. Msgr. John O'Grady
Secretary, National Conference of Catholic Charities

George N. Shuster
President, Hunter College

Otto Spaeth
Board of Directors, Americans for Democratic Action

Harold A. Stevens
President, Catholic Interracial Council

John E. Swift
Supreme Knight, Knights of Columbus

Allen Tate
Poet, Critic

Jane Wyatt
Actress

The Editors of *The Commonweal*

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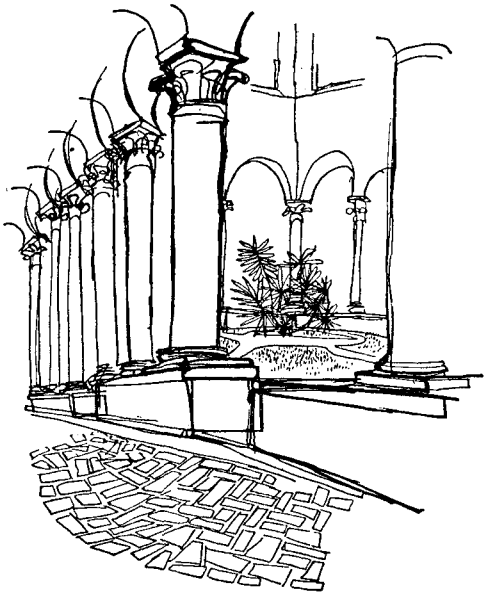
The Conservative Catholic

WITH T. S. ELIOT HE BELIEVES THAT MEN TODAY ARE WORKING FOR A WORLD IN WHICH THEY WOULD FIND IT INTOLERABLE TO LIVE.

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

SEVERAL months ago The Commonweal suggested that those Catholics disagreeing with the political and social position uneasily calling itself "The Catholic Left," should band together and publish a journal exemplifying their own convictions. This interesting suggestion grew out of a number of articles and editorials in The Commonweal and *America* that attempted to give precision to the term "liberal Catholic."



Such an effort by American Catholics to define the relationship the faithful ought to bear to the modern world is but part of a stronger ferment that has been brewing for a number of years throughout the entire Catholic world, especially in France. A "new world" is being born, a technological-collectivist society, retaining little from the pre-industrial, traditional culture of the old Christian West. Those intellectuals who think that Catholics must enter willingly into this new world and work from within, so that in time the new age can be sanctified by the Christian leaven, are rather loosely called "Catholics of the Left," or "liberal Catholics."

It is refreshing to see Catholic liberals delineate, as carefully as they can, their relationship to the "secular society" of the Western world. It is high time, because in some Continental circles whoever fails to share this enthusiasm and sense of duty toward the collectivist tendencies of the twentieth century is written off as an "integralist," an obscurantist, a man of the ghetto, a Catholic of the Right: in short, a fool!

The Commonweal's editors are therefore to be congratulated for asking the Catholic of the Right to define his position. In so doing, they have recognized that he has a position capable of commanding intellectual respect, even though it may not elicit their own assent.

Mr. Wilhelmsen is a member of the philosophy department at Santa Clara University.

INITIALLY, we ought to determine precisely what one *could* mean by the terms "conservative Catholic" and "liberal Catholic." In the first place, these labels are used to cover specific, internal political situations that cannot be transferred univocally from one country to another. Secondly, it should be clear that these concepts cannot intelligibly have reference to attitudes concerning social justice. There can be no disagreement among Catholics about racism, segregation, trial by law as opposed to condemnation by innuendo, and analogous issues. There is only one possible Catholic principle on such things: the principle of justice.

It would be an abuse of language to label as "conservative" or "Rightist" attempts to defend the vestiges of the nineteenth-century *laissez faire* order; in a very real sense Catholic Rightists have fought that order from the raising of the banner of Charles I at Nottingham to the tragedy of Versailles. If the terms in question are to retain any universal significance, they must refer to zones of thought and action, transcending the exclusively political, in which the Catholic is bound neither by the natural law nor by the Gospel. They must describe, not the partisanship of doctrinaire politics, but independently conceived convictions actually operative within the minds and lives of responsible Catholics. If the terms are used in this context, I think it fair to say that they designate diverse attitudes toward twentieth-century culture, stemming from fundamentally opposed insights into the nature of history, that in turn are buttressed by distinct theological emphases.

As a conservative—a man of the Right—let me sketch briefly the presuppositions guiding the liberal point of view, as I understand them. Philosophically, the liberal seems to view the physical universe as essentially dynamic, a complexity ever dissolving into a

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unity whose inner law is change. This cosmos is a reality given man not simply that he might accept it as it is; it is a world to be penetrated by man economically, to be dominated scientifically, and thus destined to become humanized in its very substance—a humanization that will only terminate, if then, at the Judgment.

Although the traditional society of what was once Christendom may have been good in its day, its day is now gone—and gone forever. Possibly a few of the older cultural values can be preserved in the new order, but *substantially* the modern age differs from the old as one thing differs from another. Thus to oppose the advent of this new civilization is to remove oneself from history. The technological and collectivist pressures of our time are creating a new world that can be controlled by the Christian, but that can be halted by no one.

Theologically, the Catholic of the Left justifies his acceptance of this world by pointing to the truth that God's plan for the universe unfolds in time, and will not reach its consummation until the dead are called forth on the Last Day. To attempt to halt the march of history is to attempt to frustrate the Divine *fiat*. Thus it is monstrous to maintain that the Church should incarnate herself in a cultural structure now obsolete: her office is rather to bless and teach a world that passes, a world all Christians must enter willingly, shouldering with their secularized brothers the burdens common to humanity.

THE preceding is undoubtedly a simplification of the intellectual orientation of the liberal or Left position. Nor am I insisting that every liberal Catholic holds all the positions indicated, but I do think it fair to say that most of them hold positions analogous to, and at least partially embodying, the doctrines above outlined.

This program has about it not only the obvious appeal of expediency and novelty, but it is also a program that is intellectually attractive. Nonetheless, I personally cannot accept this position, and I doubt seriously whether other Catholics who think as I do can accept it either.

This much, and this much alone, will we grant the liberals: a "new world" is being born that has little or no relationship to the older Western culture being supplanted. But the conservative is reminded of the tragic truth enunciated by T. S. Eliot, when he wrote that men today are working for a social order in which they would find it intolerable to live. In the past, civilizations have always obeyed the law of change, but for almost two thousand years the West grew by ever renewing itself. A living historical continuity linked the present with the past, which made itself actual through a tradition called by Chesterton "the democracy of the dead." The historical destiny of the West was incarnated so firmly in the corporate memory that Christendom considered itself one Thing, encompassing not only space, but time in all three dimensions. The relatively static structure of social and economic life caused a man to see himself as incarnating an existence larger than his own, yet personal enough to unite him with his fathers and his sons as yet unborn.

All of this is rapidly giving way in our civilization. Who doubts but that the rapid development of cheap transportation, the unquestioned goal of an expanding technology, the pressures of a total-war economy, have created a race of nomads, who not only have no link with their past, but who would deeply resent that past if they knew it?

Again, the egalitarian "mystique" that vaguely binds together the industrialized workers of the whole world is a spirit utterly hostile to the personalism and regionalism that once marked the West. Through the centuries each province of Europe built up, step by step, carved out of the living flesh of countless generations, a face and a soul that was its own; and although all was unified and stamped one by the living Incarnation, each place was free to be itself. *In dubiis libertas.* It is certainly true that the twentieth-century is bringing forth a completely new world. That much we grant the Left, but in sorrow as in a tragedy.

Nor can we conservatives admit that we had better "ride with the herd" because history is that way, and we can do nothing about it. It is not a law of nature that old economic and cultural forms are necessarily powdered into the ashes of a history that forever moves on, restlessly repudiating its own past. A sweeping vision of history demonstrates quite the contrary: as there is a continuity throughout the life of a normal human being, so too does a civilization grow organically from out of seeds that define not only its very nature but its destiny as well. The gap today between the collectivist and industrialist world and the simpler traditional society being supplanted is an abnormal manifestation: a historical monstrosity. The conservative would heal a world that is sick: he would not disguise an illness by a dialectic inherited from philosophies alien to the spirit of Christianity.

Finally, it is difficult to see how anyone can justify the "necessity" of the modern world without adverting to a philosophy of history that is either Whiggish or Hegelian. The repudiation by the "liberal Catholic" (along with the conservative Catholic) of the nineteenth-century bourgeois doctrine of inevitable "progress" removes the former of these two philosophies from the present discussion, but it still leaves the latter.

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It is fair to say that not a few Catholic intellectuals of the Left—particularly in France —justify their program with an appeal to Hegel. But Hegel has nothing to offer the Christian conscience: his importance lies in the fact that he gave substance to a mind that has a horror of anything's remaining itself. Such a mind obscurely resents stability and order; it thinks it somehow wrong for things and men to be what they are, themselves, standing up proclaiming their own identity, separate, and at one with their being. Max Picard has called this "drive to the other" one of the signs of the Flight from God, and although all of us are wounded by this spiritual nervousness, there is no excuse for sanctifying it in a conception of history that can understand nothing but a dynamism forever conquering itself.

THE fundamentally opposed historical visions of the men of the Left and the men of the Right are reflected in distinct theological orientations: the theology of history of the liberal is eschatological, whereas the theology of history of the conservative is incarnational. The former seems to say that it is useless to attempt to make a home for the Faith, because history will permit no corporate home for the Christian heritage. The latter, on the contrary, looks to a tradition that has ever found in the Incarnation of the Logos the patent letter of nobility for the erection of a civilization that will *incarnate* the Faith, make it flesh, down to the very gestures of a man. Therefore, Christian men must not be adjusted to an alien world, but the world itself must be structured so that it might bring forth men worthy of their supernatural destiny. This conception of Christian humanism is not some document, some blueprint drawn up by a latter-day intellectual dissatisfied with the present world: it is rather the full heritage of Christendom.

Grace perfects nature, and for two thousand years the Faith worked its light into the very body of the West. Europe always felt, in the depths of its common destiny, that the human person flowers into all God intended him to be only when he can actualize within himself and symbolize beyond himself those perfections issuing from his very nature. To become fully human, society must guarantee the first of all human communities, the family unity: sealed, sacred, private. To this end the West worked slowly for the widespread distribution of property, personally and familially held, yielding—in so far as possible—the basic economic needs of the family. Man needs to bring forth something from initial chaos into completion, for in so doing he satisfies an ontological necessity rooted deeply in his nature: the need to create as does His Father.

Man must overcome corporate estrangement, then, by a spiritual solidarity, not only fashioned by his own hands, but intimate enough to reflect his own soul. From this follows the exigency for a cultural diversity called into being by men who feel at one with their neighbors: the region, conscious of itself, is the external expression, the visible incarnation, of familial traditions growing out of a common locale and a common economic destiny. Man needs a first-hand relationship with physical nature; he must see and know being as it is, for from this contact is born that very Christian thing: realism. Therefore the economic and industrial techniques of society must not remove man from existence; they must rather unite his destiny with the things God has made.

The conservative Catholic, the traditionalist, sees such a culture—an indigenous culture—as a social good that is *absolute*: absolute because it makes men whole, men capable of the fullness of the Catholic name. If some Catholic nations have lagged behind in the total mechanization of society, if they have not reduced the person to anonymity, it has not been because they have failed to meet history: it is because they are—in the deepest sense of the word—history itself. Their vocation partakes of something of the stability of the Faith which they are called to incarnate.

FATHER Bruckberger, in *One Sky to Share,* notes that the most refreshing value America offers to the European newly come to these shores is the sense of legitimacy. The American accepts his political traditions as unquestioned legacies, and this faith gives him a peace that the continental European has not enjoyed for one hundred and fifty years. What is most sadly lacking in America, in Father Bruckberger's opinion, is that psychic communion between the person and all of creation that heals the soul.

There can be no doubt that both a sense of political legitimacy and an organic unity of life with nature are traditional values, conservative values. Whatever is unique to the modern spirit works against both these goods that are heritages from our past. It was *laissez faire* liberalism that destroyed European legitimacy, and it is left-wing liberalism, with its faith in total economic and political planning, that simply cannot comprehend the value of an organic society.

For this reason the conservative Catholic parts company with the liberal philosophy. The conservative sets before himself the twin goods of a political legitimacy, and an organic, personalist culture. Where such are still to be found, he will shore them up. Where they have decayed, he will rebuild them. And if he fails, he shall not take comfort in a philosophy of history that grew up beyond Christendom, and that lacking any understanding of the Name of God, cannot know what it means for a man or for a society *to be*.

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The Train to Pusan

A CORRESPONDENT DESCRIBES HIS JOURNEY BETWEEN KOREA'S RUINED CAPITALS

PATRICK O'DONOVAN

THE night train for Pusan leaves every evening. From your billet in the ruined city of Seoul, you ride down the wide and empty avenues that are lined with the fronts of buildings which do not hide the rubble and the twisted iron behind. You drive past the military signs tacked to trees and the stumps of lamp-posts. They say: "Speed limit fifteen miles an hour"; "Turn left for Seoul Area Command"; "Native liquor blinds"; "Headquarters U.S. Military Police Company"; "Native liquor kills"; "RTO." And then across the wide, bedraggled square in front of the railway station: the jeep stops, the silent Korean driver helps you with the luggage.

There is a small queue of civilians waiting patiently round a ticket window. The red-brick walls have been marked with the splash scars of artillery fire. There are great holes in the ugly dome. The platforms are almost empty. There is no glass anywhere. No one is selling newspapers, or things to eat and drink. No one is saying goodbye to anyone else. There are American soldiers carrying their heavy kit bags with a carbine in one hand, all dressed in the same olive drab. And every night, at the same time, the train for Pusan, reserved for United Nations personnel, is waiting by the almost empty platform.

There are worse journeys than this, for the train has nothing to do with the ruins outside. You travel down the length of this ruined republic in conditions of seedy, Edwardian comfort. There are bunks on each side of the long car which is lined with shiny mahogany. They hold officers of several armies, middle-aged gentlemen with brief cases from one of the United Nations agencies, Japanese reporters who are rather shy and American correspondents who are not. You rattle and shake through the night, over bridges you cannot see and through tunnels that suddenly double the racket.

When the daylight comes, you begin to dress and to peer through the heavy grids on the windows at the fields slipping past. They give way to military camps, to huge dumps of army supplies standing behind barbed wire. There are hundreds of ragged civilians picking their way over the rails. Their clothes are worn and quite international. Some are cooking over open fires. Some are still asleep, lying in rows in the open like the victims of an atrocity laid out for the photographers. And then you reach Pusan.

Again, there is the same unrepaired decay. In the station there is an office for the Korean military transport officer which seems to be full of people and smells powerfully of food. The Americans have a shed where soldiers sit on benches in rows looking painfully bored. In the very early morning, you walk down the length of the platform, past the military police—one white, one Negro, one Korean—who jerk little salutes at officers, and then you can see Pusan.

You are faced with a small square. When I was there recently it was crowded, and I have never seen it any other way. There was some sort of headquarters on the right, and on the left a row of khaki army buses waiting to take the soldiers to their camps. In front there was a scuffle of shoe-shine boys, barefooted, filthy. A few were cripples. They looked perfectly happy.

Beyond them was a sort of market-day crowd, though it is always there. The people sat in rows along the edge of the pavement like starlings on a telephone wire.

Girls with dirty faces walked about hopefully with trays of black-market cigarettes that had gone brown from long exposure. Others sold squares of cheap silk, dyed pink or electric blue, with "Souvenir of Korea 1951" stencilled on them. An old lady offered hideous ash trays that had been cut and twisted out of cigarette tins. There were groups of men, and most of them looked too old to work, who stood with wooden cradles fastened on their backs with grass ropes, waiting for someone to hire them to carry anything—timber, cloth, filth, food, or charcoal.

BUT it was the street that demanded attention, the street that ran on the far side of the square. There was a line of shops, two or three storys high. They looked thin-walled and very cheap. The plaster was flaking off their sides in great raw patches. Their upper

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windows were blocked with laundry, and they were thickly coated with dust.

The dark shops underneath sold apples and a few unfamiliar vegetables, bottles of rice wine or sauce; they sold odd, torn books or talcum powder and combs. There were murky workshops where a couple of men hammered at a wheel while five others sat around and watched and talked.

The road in front was blocked with military traffic of the sort we got to know in the war. There were a few old Japanese cars in among them which served as taxis, and there were trams with broken windows and dented sides that moved rocking and groaning through the mechanized crush, packed with people as tight as dates in a box.

The pavement looked like a muddled procession. There were boys from high school in greasy, black caps, carrying bundles of books wrapped in cloth. There were women who had not abandoned a traditional elegance and wore long, high-waisted skirts of a dazzling and surprising whiteness, dressed in a sort of muslin and looking like rather thick-set characters out of a Jane Austen novel. There were soiled old men with thin beards moving in a dreamy way. There were the porters bent under their loads. And all of them were picking their way over broken paving stones and open drains and over piles of vegetable nastiness.

It was crowded, busy and somehow pointless. Behind the crowds and shops the town rose to cover the foothills with a close huddle of low, black roofs, a dense mass of mean buildings that petered out half way up the dreary mountain in a scattering of shacks for refugees.

Really this is not a bad place to see what has happened to South Korea, for Pusan has more than doubled its size as a result of the war. Few families have as much as a single room to themselves. They do not look starved because those who cannot find work—and there is little of that except on the docks—are kept alive with a dole of United Nations rice. And so they pick their way on private business down the congested streets, a small and sturdy people, black haired, flat faced and hard eyed, appearing to accept the conditions in which they live.

Pusan is a hateful place today. The roads are all ruined. They are thick with blinding dust when it is dry and liquid swamps when it is wet. Children play games in the gutters, making dams to stop the dark water. You find people living in holes under bridges. You hear the harsh voices of orphans singing from behind a wall where a home has been found for them. Signal wire droops from trees and often there is cardboard instead of glass in the windows. And over it all there is a thick mantle of grey dust that turns black in the rain, that blunts outlines and reduces the whole city to the same color.

THIS is the ugliest place I have ever seen. Just now there is not even the sun to gild the poverty of those who live here and make it a little more tolerable. The winters here are harsh and killing, and thousands of these people have no more shelter than a man would give his chickens in England. This is the by-product of war today and this, I suppose, is the Korea one really expected. But there is another Korea of which I had heard very little. For, all around the war and sometimes mixed up in it, the ordinary life of a majority of the Koreans somehow manages to continue, though it is even harder now than it was before the war. Beyond the worn hills of Pusan there is a country that is as lovely as any in the world. I had to spend most of my time farther north, driving up and down from the front, concerned all the time with the alien soldiers fighting there. But off the roads, and quite independent of the military, there was a quite different life, though it was probably as hard to endure.

For instance, it takes about an hour and a half to drive from Seoul to the front. The road runs through a series of valleys. In the summer they are a shining, liquid green. The mountains that surround them have a miniature splendor. They are steep and sharp pointed. Some are crowned with little groves of trees that stand in silhouette against the sky. Some are of gray rock with fierce, scarred sides. Indeed, they look the sort of mountains that belong on a Chinese painted scroll.

The mountains are empty and uncultivated; the farms are at their feet. The Koreans have taken the land and turned it into a series of level terraces, each a few inches higher than the last. Water runs from one to another in a silvery trickle. And here they grow their rice. People do not look up from their fields as you drive past. They stay bent double, grubbing among the watery roots. There are very few draft animals, but men, under the same wooden cradles, plod between the fields as slow as yoked oxen.

Nowadays the Koreans seldom use the roads. But you see them walking from the city, streaming all day along the railway line where the traffic is more predictable. Or you see a single file of them walking up into the foothills, back to their farms—a line of patient figures, all dressed in white.

Even in this disputed part of the country you can find farms that have not been destroyed by the war.

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They are tiny, tightly walled enclosures and, over the top of the wall, you can see dipping roofs covered with ponderous, curling tiles. If you peer through the door, you see a courtyard which is crowded with children and with large earthenware pots for storing grain. There will probably be a heap of empty beer-cans or shell cases that they are storing to use or sell some day. The rooms have sliding doors and open straight onto the yard, and the floors are polished dark brown from the tread of many bare feet.

But many of the farms are in ruins, or else the walls are broken down and show a lattice-work of wood that should be covered with mud and brick. So some now live in tents that have been supplied by the United Nations. Some live in corners of their ruins. It is a precise and mathematical landscape which these touches of spoilt elegance do not disturb.

There are also villages standing by the road which, just like Pusan, are by-products of the war. I remember there is one such village that stands near the turning you must take if you are going to visit the Commonwealth Division. It is only a line of huts a little off the road, built of collapsed cardboard containers and of tin. Some of the houses even have small enclosures like the old farms, built out of the same rubbish. Each house has a large notice on it: "Out of bounds to United Nations personnel."

This place, whose name I do not know, lives on a large rubbish dump that the soldiers have made by the side of the road, and all day women and old men slowly turn over the tins and bottles and boxes and then go back with a load of rubbish which they sell or turn into something else. They have a couple of shops which sell a little food and drink. The villagers have small vegetable plots which they water from gasoline cans. They sit in front of their houses, barefooted and dressed in white, and watch the war traffic go by. They are either old men or women or children. There is nobody in between. There is no obvious sign of misery or distress, no sign that they ever lived in any other way than this. They are used to suffering by now, and they are waiting to go back to their farms and their family tombs, still waiting for that chance of a free and decent life that has been denied them for half a century.

AN APPEAL

The National Catholic Rural Life Conference, 3801 Grand Avenue, Des Moines 12, Iowa, has set up GROW, a program of producing more food for the undernourished people of the world. Operations are to begin in France. For each $5. donated for the purpose the Rural Life Conference will send "hybrid seed corn for planting to a French farmer who will notify the giver of its arrival and results."

Black and White Parish

JOSEPH T. NOLAN

IT was our first summer working a farm, and we had discovered that daily milking put an end to daily Mass. So our first call on Father Rock was in the evening, and we found him living in the rear of the parish hall. He had turned over his rambling country-house rectory to the Sisters who had just come to set up a four-week vacation school.

"The Sisters teach the farm kids with everything—games, posters, contests. They have the know-how. And they drive their own automobiles!" This last point, we soon found out, ranked very high with Father Rock. Another group of nuns in his experience had been unable to drive because their headdress made side vision impossible. "So they call on the pastor. After one summer as chauffeur I told them, 'Sister, change your headdress. You can't be a French peasant in an American automobile.' "

The hall bore colorful evidence that the Sisters used the latest audio-visual techniques as well as the plain old competitive spirit. St. Paul's was all set to race St. Raphael's, if not all the way to heaven, at least in some of the good works that get you there. The Mass and Christian doctrine were cartooned in color on the walls. There were half a dozen ways to win a gold star, and a dozen more schemes to compress young energy into religious channels.

The hall itself was evidence of a spirited country parish. Its building cost had been cut in half by the simple solution of the parishoners contributing the labor. There were huge facilities for feeding people. And with good reason—the last good eating is being done in the country, especially at parish festivals. No one sits down gingerly, as we do in the city, to the carefully measured diet that a profit-wary caterer provides. Here is no plate of one potato scoop, taste of chicken, and numbered green peas. Here is the horn of plenty simply turned upside down. It is nothing to have roast beef, baked ham, *and* fried chicken just for the meat course, and the salads and cakes the housewives regard as a personal challenge. So Father Rock had put in the stoves to feed the five thousand, and God, with the farmers, still multiplied the food.

The parish buildings were located on a two-hundred-and-eighty-acre farm, uncultivated except by a ten-

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Mr. Nolan is preparing for the priesthood at Conception Seminary, Missouri.

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ant whom Father Rock described as too old to work and too old to move on. He said that after taxes, the farm might make from a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a year. The parish runs on the annual festival, which takes place when the crops are sold. It is a combination bazaar, supper, and baseball game.

Sunday offerings come to just about half the running expenses. "When I see the total I double up, and figure to myself, that's about what the bills will come to. I was in a big city parish once, with no money problems except what to do with it all. But I wouldn't go back. Here I know the people, and it's supposed to be that way with a priest—'I know mine and mine know me.' In the city you come down when the bell rings, see somebody in a parlor, sign something, and say goodbye. Like working in an office."

"Of course, we have two bazaars here," Father Rock continued. "One for white, and one for colored."

YES, this was a southern parish. And not even for a festival can black meet white. Least of all then, because eating is involved. To eat bread in common, which the desert Arab considers sacred in the name of hospitality, and which action our Lord chose when He instituted the sacrament of unity, is for some Americans almost the height of social taboo.

The parish schizophrenia did not stop with two bazaars. It was two churches that Father Rock had to run, because there were two colors in the one building worshipping the one God with the one creed. At St. Paul's the seating division was front and back; at St. Raphael's, the mission, it was left and right. There was no parochial school because there would have to be two parochial schools.

That was why the Sisters came with the vacation school. And color was why things began smoldering on the first day, the morning after our visit. The nuns were not unused to the South. But even in the South, white and colored children often play together. So they thought nothing of seating them together in the mission church where instructions were to be held. But by noontime the party-line alarm system had sounded all its telephone bells. Faces had a touch of ugliness that did not become them, and tongues were twisting over words of hatred.

Meanwhile, lifting some wheat sacks had given me my own troubles. The young doctor in the parish took care of the torn muscles, but he had words of the same livid color about pastors who meddle, and what-would-happen-to-them, etc. When I expressed some surprise, inasmuch as he had graduated from the same northern Catholic college as myself, he was silent for a bit. And then, rather beautifully ashamed, he said, "The Negroes do get the short end of things. They give them twelve lousy beds in the one hospital —twelve, and they need fifty!"

WHAT happened? Father Rock told us later. He had no love of segregation. He accepted it, as the Church must accept it in many places, as a social pattern which has to be temporarily tolerated if any ministry is going to function, or any change is ever going to come. Something manifestly immoral cannot be accepted. But segregation is on the borderline of morality—on the colorline. It is doubtful enough to leave room for accepting and working on an unhappy status quo.

But this was a mean case. They were children, and the Sisters had mixed them, the Sisters who are for children the absolute purity and truth of religion. Was the pastor going to order the youngsters back to their boundaries, and tell the little seven-year-old, "You're white, and he's black, and God Himself made you that way, but you can't play with him, sit with him, eat with him"? Father Rock decided, for once, to pass the problem on, and he called the Chancery. They hesitated. Finally, a reluctant answer: "Better separate them. The Bishop has just ended segregation in the city, but we better not take on the rural areas; not just yet anyway."

And that's the way it was. What else could be done? Call off the whole school, and leave no one instructed? Continue, and have the white parents start a boycott? It's easy to be a zealot. It's harder to swallow the bitter things and go on struggling, as Father Rock did.

I know of worse evidence of the racial problem in our churches (such as the sign directing colored to the rear, a sign which a forthright southern Bishop encountered and personally tore down). But the objective evil of that day at St. Raphael's still sticks out. In the minds of children hardly conscious of prejudice, the distinction was drawn by the Church. The Sisters and the priest had to divide them. And the gnawing idea begins that "I'm white and he's colored; I'm better and he's worse." This is the fearful thing, when evil increases unwittingly under the very hands of the ministers of good. This is why priests like Father Rock turn red and angry within themselves as they give in. This is why, even though they conform, they go on praying, working, preaching, that all their parishioners may become one family in Christ.

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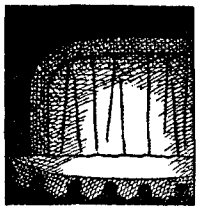
THE STAGE

THE CRUCIBLE

IT is altogether possible that Mr. Arthur Miller was prompted to the composition of his latest play by the malign politico-cultural pressures of our society, but whatever the impulse, it has issued in a drama of arresting polemic distinction.



"The Crucible" does not, I confess, seem to me a work of such potential tragic force as the playwright's earlier "Death of a Salesman;" it is the product of theatrical dexterity and a young man's moral passion, rather than of a fruitful and reverberating imagination. But it has, in a theatre of the small success and the tidy achievement, power, the passionate line—an urgent boldness which does not shrink from the implications of a large and formidable design.

With the Salem witchcraft trials of 1692 as a moral frame and point of departure, Mr. Miller has gone on to examine the permanent conditions of the climate of hysteria. The New England tragedy was for him, dramatically, a fortuitous choice because it is accessible to us imaginatively; as one of the few severely irrational eruptions American society has witnessed, it retains still its primitive power to compel the attention. And it exhibits, moreover, the several features of the classically hysterical situation: the strange moral alchemy by which the accuser becomes inviolable; the disrepute which overtakes the testimony of simple intelligence; the insistence on public penance; the willingness to absolve if guilt is confessed.

It is *imaginative* terror Mr. Miller is here invoking: not the solid gallows and the rope appall him, but the closed and suffocating world of the fanatic, against which the intellect and will are powerless.

It is a critical commonplace that the commitments of Mr. Miller's plays are ideological rather than personal—that he does not create a world so much in its simple humanity, or its perceptible reality, as in its intellectual alarms and excursions. "The Crucible" reinforces this tradition.

Despite the fact that he is often at his best in the "realist" vein, Mr. Miller, like any good heir of the thirties, is preoccupied with ideology. He has a richer personal sense of it than comparable writers, but the impulse remains unaltered. His characteristic theme is integrity, and its obverse, compromise. In earlier plays, Miller frequently brought to this subject a distressing note of stridency; one often felt that, really, the battle had long since been won, and that this continued obsession with it was an indication not of seriousness, but perhaps of some arrested moral development.

In "The Crucible," however, he has stated his theme again with a wholly admirable concision and force. His central figure is John Proctor, another spokesman for rational feeling and the disinterested intelligence. Proctor is so patently the enemy of hysteria that his very existence is a challenge to the fanatic temperament, and he is consumed by its malice. What gives the situation a fresh vitality is Miller's really painful grasp of its ambiguities: the dilemma of a man, fallible, subject to pride, but forced to choose between the "negative good" of truth and morality, and the "positive good" of human life under any dispensation. Around this crisis of conscience, Mr. Miller has written an exhaustive, exacerbated scene—one of his most truly distinguished, and one which most hopefully displays the expanding delicacy of his moral imagination.

IT is difficult, however, to feel that the political complexities inherent in "The Crucible" have been approached by Mr. Miller with any comparable sensitivity. He has, admittedly, disclaimed intent of contemporary reference in the play, choosing to see in it only the tragedy of another society. But it would be fatuous of Mr. Miller to pretend that our present cultural climate had not always a place in the foreground of his mind. Surely then, he can see that the Salem witch-hunts and our own virulent varieties are parallel only in their effects, not in their causes.

Dramatically, "The Crucible" maintains always that provocative interest and distinction one has come to associate with the work of this playwright. Mr. Miller has, on the whole, handled the Puritan idiom discreetly, despite the somewhat "official" taint of the weak prologue, and several unfortunate lapses into the contemporary. Mr. Miller *will* have his poetry, though; in "Death of a Salesman" he often resorted to a kind of bastard Whitman rhetoric, while "The Crucible," especially in its hysterical imagery, owes an inordinate debt to the King James Bible. But language is handled here generally with considerable skill and sensibility.

Of the production at the Martin Beck, one can have very little criticism. Arthur Kennedy plays Proctor with all his assured style and intense virility, while Walter Hampden, Beatrice Straight and E. G. Marshall lend a grave and sober excellence to other figures in this Salem landscape. Mr. Jed Harris has directed boldly, with no shyness of scenes and curtains operatic in their intensity (and what a splendid opera might be made out of the Salem trials, incidentally). What "The Crucible" enriches and again asserts is the range, the variety and continuing interest of the American polemic tradition. (*At the Martin Beck*)

RICHARD HAYES.

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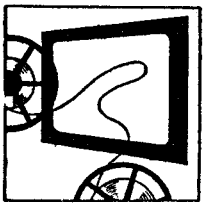
THE SCREEN

THE WILD BLUE YONDER

EVEN before P. Pan zooms out of the window with Wendy and her brothers flying close behind, it becomes obvious that Walt Disney has modernized "Peter Pan" and added some touches of his own. Except for oldsters who have been enchanted by the Barrie play through the years and just won't let go, most audiences will approve of the changes—especially the playing down of the boy-who-wouldn't-grow-up idea and the visualization of Tinker Bell. Instead of being just a glowing light, this pixie friend of Peter's looks like a tiny version of Carol Channing with all the come-hither of Lorelie Lee, but she's still fey enough to leave a trail of pixie dust behind her that sparkles like diamonds (which, as you know, are a girl's best friend).



While this "Peter Pan" goes out of its way to make it clear that sooner or later everyone has to grow up, it also makes clear that this fantasy really happened and will no doubt happen again. You get the impression that Walt Disney and his staff must have had a good time turning the Barrie whimsey into a full-length cartoon feature. The drawing of the grown-ups, like Mr. and Mrs. Darling, are a little stiff, but the other characters, like the boys in Neverland, Captain Hook, the crocodile and Nana, the dog, are a delight; and when the art doesn't get too calendar, it is a pleasure to behold. Perhaps old-school admirers of Barrie will get their greatest surprise when they see that Peter Pan himself looks and acts like a boy now, a welcome change from the long series of actresses who have played the role since its first appearance in 1904.

Actually "Peter Pan" is more fun as an entertainment now than it ever was. Perhaps Disney's popular art touches are just what it needed—plus, of course, this little matter of bringing its psychology up to date. A good cast, headed by Bobby Driscoll, read the various roles well; and the songs ("Never Smile at a Crocodile," "You Can Fly"), while not up to the "Snow White" music, are tuneful and fun.

AFTER the tremendous success of the English film, "Breaking Through the Sound Barrier," I'm glad to be able to report that Hollywood has also turned up with a good flying movie that has more than helmeted fliers, "Rogers" and hand-wringing wives. "Above and Beyond" is no ordinary movie about fliers. In the first place it is about a very special pilot: Colonel Paul Tibbets, who organized and trained the personnel for dropping the first atom bomb and who piloted the B-29 that dropped the bomb.

At first the story of "Above and Beyond" is seen through the eyes of Paul's wife, who had every right to think their marriage had gone on the rocks. Because of the complete secrecy with which Paul trained his crew at Wendover Field in Utah, Mrs. Tibbets knew only that her husband had become so tense it was hard to live with him. Even Tibbets' personnel found him insufferable. Finally it became necessary for Paul to send his wife and children away from Wendover.

No doubt this device of having Mrs. Tibbets tell part of the story was used to give the film a greater emotional impact. The point of view changes later and we see what Tibbets himself was going through as he guarded his secret and became more and more disturbed by the meaning behind his history-making mission. It is to the credit of producers-directors Melvin Frank and Norman Panama that they never hoke up their story with false sentiment. As Tibbets, Robert Taylor gives one of the best performances of his career. Eleanor Parker is attractive and straightforward as his perplexed wife; and James Whitmore is excellent in the large supporting cast who play officers and husbands and wives involved in this tremendous project. It is also to the credit of the makers of "Above and Beyond" that they come up with no easy or pat answers as to the morality of what happened at Hiroshima. As a film, "Above and Beyond" is almost like straight reporting with no editorializing.

DORE Schary has produced a thirty-six-minute documentary that makes no pretence about its editorializing. "The Hoaxters" opens with a quotation from William Penn: "People who are not governed by God will be ruled by tyrants." And then using a carnival with a medicine man selling snake oil as its starting point it illustrates dictators selling their doctrines to the masses. Shots from old newsreels and documentaries are employed through first-rate cutting to give an effect of the medicine man's becoming Hitler ranting and raving before spellbound Germans, Mussolini puffing out before his Italian audience and then, finally, Stalin speaking to entranced Russians.

Mincing no words or pictures, "The Hoaxters" hits hard at Communism—first with quotes from Karl Marx, then with a series of newsreels and narration showing the changing and unpredictable attitudes of the Soviet Union toward the United States. Coming back again and again to the medicine man, a symbol of the totalitarian teller of tall tales, "The Hoaxters" shows how well visuals can be used.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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On Literary Correspondence

JOHN A. LUKACS

THERE is little doubt that the tragic predicament amidst which American intellectuals are finding themselves is, to a large extent, of their own making. Among those traits which have made them lose touch with realities stand a false professional vanity and a more conscious self-isolation; and one of the symptoms of this uneasy clannishness is the complete decline of literary correspondence.

We all profess to know how much literary correspondence has given to the greatness of past ages; we are amazed to discover brilliant observations in rediscovered and newly published letters exchanged between amusing giants of the not very distant past. Some of these volumes receive ponderous notices, profound advertising before, and perfunctory scanning after, their conspicuous deposition on leather-topped cocktail-tables. Gide, Shaw, Boswell, Browning make the rounds, and we silently pat each other on the shoulder and gleam with self-satisfaction in the self-sustaining knowledge that we are able to relish such intellectual delicacies.

Yet all this is largely phony. We read them because we expect to sample the delights of petit-four delicacy and keyhole artistry: a repute falsely advertised and attributed to the correspondents by our critics, who in turn approach these ancient letters with a cross-style of tweedy Whig historiography and artificial elegance, wishing to cut a figure between Trevelyan and Lucius Beebe. Amidst such falseness, even snobbery is watered down. Meanwhile literary correspondence lags.

On February 23, 1921, George Saintsbury wrote Norman Douglas, whose *South Wind* had just appeared:

> Dear Sir:
>
> Permit me to be tedious, as well as illegible. I am seventy-five. I have read more novels than a man of seven hundred and fifty ought to have done. For some twenty years I used to review hundreds or thereabouts of English and scores of French as they came out. For another twenty, the first of this so-called age, I have come across just two novelists who have given me something that I can recommend to a friend. The author of *South Wind* is the second in order of time not rank.
>
> I am,
>
> Yours very truly,
>
> *George Saintsbury*

Mr. Lukacs has written on political affairs for "The New York Times Magazine."

The Great Gatsby had just been published and Fitzgerald was acting up in Paris, histrionic and sometimes very silly:

> 31st December, 1925
>
> Dear Mr. Scott Fitzgerald,
>
> *The Great Gatsby* with your charming and overpowering inscription arrived the very morning that I was leaving in some haste for a sea voyage advised by my doctor. I therefore left it behind and only read it on my return a few days ago. I have, however, now read it three times. I am not in the least influenced by your remark about myself when I say that it has interested and excited me more than any new novel I have seen, either English or American, for a number of years.
>
> When I have time I should like to write you more fully and tell you exactly why it seems to me such a remarkable book. In fact it seems to me to be the first step that American fiction has taken since Henry James. . . .
>
> With many thanks, I am,
>
> Yours very truly,
>
> *T. S. Eliot*

These are admirable letters. They are brief and very sincere. They are sufficient to pour confidence and determination into the hearts of young and anxious writers; sufficient to serve as constant fountainheads of inspiration amidst dark and dreary days of loneliness and anguish; fountainheads for years, perhaps even for a decade.

THIS was the experience of the past. But it is wholly unlikely that a young writer would receive such letters today. Our literary masters relish neither the art of spiritual patronage, nor that of intellectual discovery. That is left for others: harried agents, or the more serene employees of Mr. Luce's literary corporation. A young and new writer remains alone, in intellectual isolation, to admire the clay-legged literary midtown giants from afar, from the soiled Bohemian tables of a downtown already abandoned by the successful. His relationship to, say, Hemingway is not unlike the relationship of a beginning CPA to the firm of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane.

Not until the acknowledged—and mostly middlebrow— media discover the new or young writer, will he—already packaged and safely presented to a public —be written to or asked to come. Presently there will

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All Things Come To Those Who Wait—

But we do feel that seven years was a long enough wait even for

SOCIETY AND SANITY

by F. J. Sheed

This is a companion volume to THEOLOGY and SANITY, published seven years ago. That book was on man's relation to God, this new one is on man's relation to man. The first part discusses man as the Christian knows him to be, what he is, what the purpose of his existence is, and what principles should guide beings of that sort and that goal in their dealings with one another.

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SHEED & WARD **New York 3**

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arrive a cocktail invitation with rather affected English and manners. Unless he reaches this stage, his more successful literary contemporaries will answer his queries—if they answer them at all—with a hastily-thrown business letter, essentially the same strained, public-relations gesture with which a senior Senator answers the anxious query of a ward-heeler. They may meet, at a future time, at some kind of convention.

THERE are, of course, a variety of reasons behind this deterioration of literary correspondence. One of them is the deterioration of authorship. This is certainly a general trend and perhaps one of the most serious cultural tragedies of our times: the growing divergence between authors and writers. We had, and have, authors who have much to say but write rather poorly—the Dreiser-Sinclair school. We have writers—to wit Hemingway, O'Hara—who write rather well but have little, or nothing, to say.

Our troubles are with the latter. For these men have sought out the well-padded nooks which our society allots for specialists in writing; they are masters in pungent adjectives; their powers in reproducing bland contemporary conversation is perhaps unexcelled in all literary history. But they hardly concern themselves with the anxieties and dangers of the times; they do not seek contact with those who do. The struggling and young writers and thinkers are those who do: it is not their expert craftsmanship but their deep concern with the complexities of this world which makes them try to write. Thus the two circles do not meet.

Thus we find accepted writers with more preconceived ideas than those of an engineering corporation, claiming to know the moving spirit of the times and smugly negligent toward those few whose basic thoughts are different ones. It is rather instructive to compare the two letters which Fitzgerald received from Eliot and from Edith Wharton in 1925 with those written him by John Dos Passos and Thomas Wolfe in 1936-37. Dos Passos':

> October ?, 1936
>
> Why Scott—you poor miserable bastard, it was damn handsome of you to write me. Had just heard about your shoulder and was on the edge of writing when I got your letter. Must be damned painful and annoying. Let us know how you are. Katy sends love and condolences. We often talk about you and wish we could get to see you.

And later:

> . . . —Christ, man, how do you find time in the middle of the general conflagration to worry about all that stuff? If you don't want to do stuff on your own, why not get a reporting job somewhere? After all not many people write as well as you do. . . . I wish I could get an hour's talk with you now and then, Scott, and damn sorry about the shoulder. Forgive the locker room pep-talk.

The Wolfe letter runs two thousand words: "But Flaubert me no Flauberts, Bovary me no Bovarys, Zola me no Zolas."

These letters were written after *Tender Is The Night* had appeared. It was a thoroughly misunderstood book. For in that era of American social reform and sweaty, pragmatic optimism, the description of the Riviera antics of pale, aristocratic heroes seemed to be ridiculously out-of-date. Poor Fitzgerald was drunk, dissipating *outre-tombe* memories of the past—the others were sober. Or, so they thought. Under these circumstances Dos Passos and Wolfe wrote letters to Fitzgerald, reproaching him for his unwillingness to go along with the New Deal *Zeitgeist*.

These letters are long and effusive. Their English is terrible. They are written in great haste and, possibly, with a feeling of guilt. Their writers are men who, however literary, are not accustomed to correspondence, and I mean correspondence in both its *literary* and literary meanings. They are letters not motivated by curiosity, nor intellectual humility; factors which would call for a spiritual response. Their writers have inherently rejected any opposing or unknown idea; the letters, with all their verbal forcefulness—there is one "damn" in every four lines of Dos Passos's letter and reference is also made to the correspondent's lower organs—are non-committal and even cautious; they are in full conformity with our standardized and pre-packaged world.

Thus literary smugness may be manifest in varied ways. There is this superficial optimism of the Booster, *faux bonhomme,* as when Dos Passos addresses Fitzgerald; and just as the millions of unnecessary words wasted on advertising, these letters run gushing along. They are not cared for; untrimmed, they are typical of that memo or letter which all of us are prone to put down some time or another: a first draft which remains a first draft. They miss the essence of art and creation: the will of giving. Amidst all their effusion and artificial camaraderie they are smug and complacent. They are typical of our literary climate and practices.

THE practice of literary correspondence, on the other hand, degenerated to a level where it is regarded as near nuisance; and this alarming lack of elementary manners is noted by many in the academic and literary profession.

I recently sent a short note to a professor who had written a good article in an historical journal. I had not asked anything, nor criticized anything; I congratulated the author for having made an interesting point.

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I never received an acknowledgment or an answer.

Father John Tracy Ellis, that profound church historian, had written to one of our greatest publishers for a review copy of Canon Stokes' monumental work on Church and State in the United States. Presently Father Ellis received a letter from the publisher: a review copy was declined; costs were high; they were to be sent "only to those magazines of larger circulation or those which have a very special editorial interest in the book." Father Ellis then sat down to write for the *Catholic Historical Review* what was perhaps to be the most extensive book review of the year 1952.

"Forgive the locker room pep-talk." The Zeitgeist of far-off 1936 has died, deserted by many, including Dos Passos; yet the style remains, and it is perhaps the only kind of literary pep-talk imaginable in the aura of 1953. The other kind of laziness, a state of mind typical of the day—perhaps it is what French intellectuals now call *acédie*—differs only in its physical manifestations from this uncritical effusion of untrimmed emotion. It is the same effusion which produces books like *Sironia, Texas.* There is a world of difference between the hundred words which Saintsbury had written to Douglas and the two thousand which Wolfe had written to Fitzgerald. In our era of typewriters and haste the volume of written material alarmingly grows—but in the rattling and jarring atmosphere of the same machine there fade the willingness, the care, the appreciation of writing and speaking to others with conciseness, clarity and conviction: the dispositions of love.

For here is the underlying factor beneath that dark symptom, the decline of literary correspondence: it connotes a lack of openness and a lack of love. The mood of our loveless age is clearly reflected in the tendencies of our intellectuals: afraid of charity and of love, they shun visible emotions. That from Hemingway to Spillane the paling of the Age of Reason results not in an Age of Faith but in the age of brutality, is but one portent of this fact. The other is the professional attitude which our successful writers and intellectuals are taking. They extract a certain false pride from the fact that they are materially self-sustaining, that they are, more or less, *arrivés;* and this inverted snobbery is essentially nothing more or less than a fear-dictated willingness to show compliance with the unphrased dictates of a conformist and mechanized world.

Under these circumstances those who, because of their deep concern and love for mankind, wish to add their bit to improve the existing order—the young, the hopeful, the talented—are bound to find their tasks most difficult and disheartening: without encouragement, without potential help, without a feeling of esprit-de-corps, in the face of double inversion, double smugness.

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Impact of Society on Mr. Russell

THE IMPACT OF SCIENCE ON SOCIETY. By Bertrand Russell. Simon and Schuster. $3.

By RICHARD M. WEAVER

BERTRAND Russell may well be regarded as the dean of philosophers of science in our time. Everyone recognizes that his contributions to mathematical and logical theory, his popular expositions of difficult scientific concepts, and his willingness to enter the realm of social philosophy with this special equipment give him a unique position. Outwardly, therefore, *The Impact of Science on Society* has the promise of an important testament.

But the reader who takes up this volume expecting both clearness and confidence is due for disappointment. He will get the impression that science, to which Russell has dedicated most of his proselytizing activity, has got out of hand, and that Russell is almost as confused as the ordinary layman as to its tendencies and future potentialities. "Confused" is a word one naturally uses with hesitation here, but the following quotations will give some indication of what I mean. On page 5 we read, "The victory of humanity and commonsense in this matter [the abolition of trials for witchcraft] was almost entirely due to the spread of the scientific outlook . . ." But on page 97 we read, "The human race has survived hitherto owing to ignorance and incompetence; but, given knowledge and competence combined with folly, there is no certainty of its survival." Our query then is, why does the scientific outlook combat folly in one case, but team up with it and increase its effects in another? On page 75 Russell says, in regard to a choice between extermination through modern war and submission to an international authority, "I think it probable that mankind will choose its own extermination as the preferable alternative." But on page 93 he says that we are nearer to actually achieving the abolition of war than ever before.

It may somewhat extenuate these contradictions—and other less spectacular ones which could be cited—to point out a characteristic feature of Russell's method, which is to take evidence from widely different levels of phenomena. Sometimes he will draw his conclusion from a generally accepted body of historical fact; but in the next paragraph or on the next page he will draw another, about equally broad, from a more or less singular instance. At the same time he makes it a common practice to pass at one jump from a cause to a remote effect or from an effect to a remote cause. These could be rhetorical devices for securing attention on the lecture platform (the book is based upon a group of lectures); in any case, they result in giving the book a declamatory rather than a logical tone.

Such practices involve serious questions of method, but we must turn now to the prescriptive part of the work and look at Russell's recommendations for a world which shall be characterized by science and sanity. Here the reader will be struck by signs of extraordinary evolution in the author's thinking. Russell begins with the one-dimensional concept of human well-being right out of positivistic socialism. If we see to it that everyone is well fed and has an abundance of leisure time, the difficulties that now lead to revolution and war will evaporate. Thus in a chapter entitled "Can a Scientific Society be Stable?" he names as the two essential conditions of stability a wide diffusion of prosperity and long holidays with full pay.

A generation or two ago, when life could be construed much more simply, this might have closed the case, and we would have had a QED not going beyond economics and biology. But so much has happened to call into question these simplistic assumptions that two important addenda appear in Russell's prescription.

One of these is a provision for risk and adventure. No longer may it be supposed that man will sink into a kind of bovine contentedness once his physical appetites have been satisfied. Now Russell believes that the security promised by a socialist community is but the "base camp from which dangerous ascents can begin." The future will have to allow room for initiative and for competitions because "the impulse to danger and adventure is deeply ingrained in human nature, and no society which ignores it can long be stable."

In the chapter "Science and Values" Russell recognizes, with the kind of candor which has always been one of the best qualities of his writing, that the real problem of social cohesion is still to be dealt with. There is something else in man which the prescription thus far does not take into account. He names it correctly when he says, on page 94, "This wide diffusion of malevolence is one of the most unfortunate things in human nature, and it must be lessened if a world State is to be stable."

Well, the wide diffusion of malevolence is at once the oldest problem and the newest problem of society. The scientific outlook has not conquered it; good feeding and modern hygiene have not been able to expel it. Opportunity for initiative sometimes only opens up new regions to it. Where now do we look for help?

His answer, which deserves to be widely noted, appears as follows: "The root of the matter is a very simple and old-fashioned thing, a thing so simple that I am almost ashamed to mention it, for fear of the derisive smile with which wise cynics will greet my words. The thing I mean—please forgive me for mentioning it—is love, Christian love, or compassion. If you feel this, you have a motive for existence, a guide in action, a reason for courage, an imperative necessity for intellectual honesty."

It seems a long way around to find something which might have been discovered on the threshold. But sometimes we are firmer in our convictions for having surveyed the possible alternatives. Let us hope that this is true of all who like Lord Russell in this book make the long circuit to learn that society is not saved by bread alone.

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Underground Agent

THE WHITE RABBIT. By Bruce Marshall. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50

By ANNE FREMANTLE

WING Commander Yeo-Thomas (nicknamed the White Rabbit), the subject of Bruce Marshall's biography, even before 1939 had a kind of career no whodunit artist would dare invent. Enlisting under age in the 1914-18 war, he went on, at its end, to fight for the Poles against the Russians in 1919-1920. Captured by the Russians and sentenced to death, he escaped the night before he was to be shot and spent the years between the wars as a Rolls Royce mechanic and as a director of Molyneux' dress shop in Paris. His family had settled in France in 1855; educated in England, Yeo-Thomas was absolutely bi-lingual, which served him in good stead when, in 1939, this time overage, he enlisted in the RAF, and was given an interpreter's job (unpaid). He saw the fall of France from inside Paris. As he left, accompanied by the sad jeers of the French, he vowed to return as soon as he could. He did; but it was not until he was parachuted back, near Passy, in February 1943, that he was able to fulfil the vow he had made in 1940.

His orders were "to investigate the potentiality of Resistance groups, to make a thorough examination of the set-up" and find how far the Free French were working together with the Communist organizations (called the FANA) and how closely and efficiently any of the groups could carry out BBC instructions and make use of parachuted weapons.

Bruce Marshall gives by far the clearest as well as the most comprehensive picture of the many mutually antagonistic Resistance groups, rent by ideological and personal differences, and of the difficulties not only the British but the Free French Committee in London had—as well as the difficulties the resistants found in dealing with London.

Yeo-Thomas traveled in utmost peril whether by day or night; after his first successful trip, the Germans threw over twenty thousand Gestapo agents into France to round up the Resistance leaders and their English contacts. Different names, different passports, different wigs, beards, walks, haircuts, addresses, got Yeo-Thomas safely back to London, and to his pretty WAAF wife, Barbara.

Bruce Marshall's laconic description of Yeo-Thomas's interview with "a former naval person" after this return, is a masterpiece: not only did Yeo-Thomas see Mr. Churchill, but he got from him almost all he wanted, for the French allies. Then he went back to France, this time by boat. The Germans had meanwhile caught most of the top Resistance leaders, while the others were squabbling or idling. Shortly after his arrival Yeo-Thomas was betrayed.

The Germans were jubilant. In the car taking him to Gestapo headquarters, as they kicked, pummeled, punched and knocked him unconscious to the floor, they yelled "Wir haben Shelley" (Yeo-Thomas' underground alias). Then they whipped him with an ox-gut whip with a flexible steel rod inside. But this was only the hors d'oeuvres. The interrogation which followed went on for days. Yeo-Thomas was manacled and held under water in a cold bath until he passed out; then revived, ducked again, struck on the head with a rubber cosh to bring him round, then submerged again, more than a dozen times in forty-eight hours. Struck in the face with his own bunch of keys until he could not open his eyes, he was then hung on a pulley by his handcuffs, stretched on a table and beaten on the testicles. Questioned constantly, his only thoughts were, one, he mustn't wet his pants; two, he mustn't give anyone else away. Nor did he do either, though the tortures kept on and on, well beyond the forty-eight hours after which no one was expected by the Resistance to keep silence. Imprisoned at Fresnes, in a damp, pitch dark subterranean

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Catholic Press Month, IV

"This is the first thing which should be required of a Catholic periodical: that, basically, it should not suggest to the non-Catholic, or even to the non-believing reader, that it is only written for the chosen, so to speak, for the saved, but also for all the others who do not yet live in the truth, but who still search for it. It is not quite easy to explain this difference to those who regard Catholicism as party politics, and who therefore from the beginning take a particularist and a polemical attitude. . . .

"Of course, we do not recommend the taking of a wishy-washy position, nor the befuddling of the content of the Faith; on the contrary, we recommend its accentuation, but an accentuation of the whole, to which also belongs the living knowledge that Christ died for all men, and that, therefore, if we love Christ, we must love also those men who, deliberately or ignorantly, are outside the Church.

"And that means, at the same time, that a Catholic periodical must never have a complacent tone, nor a condescending or pharisaical undertone, towards those who are not in possession of the truth—the truth that we ourselves have often merely inherited, instead of having ourselves acquired in order to possess it. For a Catholic periodical, too, has to search for that truth, which is its prerequisite."

Franz Josef Schoeningh, Editor, "Hochland"
in The Commonweal, February 4, 1949

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cell, he was fed macaroni soup once in three days. Rats and fleas ran over his bashed and frozen face. The British, learning of his capture, offered four million francs to the Germans to lose his file. It was lost, but insufficiently, and Yeo-Thomas was sent to Buchenwald with strict orders that he be surely and slowly killed.

What befell him at Buchenwald is barely bearable reading. Yet it is good the report be set down here, and that we should try and face, just for once, and admit to ourselves, what happened to one man. To Yeo-Thomas' knowledge it happened to six and one half thousand, and to our knowledge, to more than six million. Yeo-Thomas saw many different deaths: some men were injected with fatal diseases, used as guinea-pigs; others were beaten to death; others dropped into latrines full of faeces, their fingers stamped on till they let go and drowned; others were cremated while still alive; others buried alive; others thrown from trains. Even when it was obvious the Allies were winning, the SS inventiveness did not fail; indeed, it increased, and the rate of deaths accelerated.

Yeo-Thomas escaped, and the thrill of his adventure is marvelously conveyed. Dizzy with dysentery, he was recaptured within sight of the Allied lines. Again he escaped, this time with eleven French fellow prisoners, and this time they all reached the American lines by walking to them across a minefield.

Bruce Marshall has never done a better job than in the writing of this biography. For Yeo-Thomas is much bigger in stature than any of his previous heroes, is ten times more real, more alive, more true and more valuable than Fathers Malachy or Smith.

He is no saint, not even a mystic; he is the average sensual man, but with "courage cast about him like a cloak of solemn comeliness." And Bruce Marshall's theme is his greatest yet, too: the enduring, indelible imprint on the ordinary inheritor of centuries of Christian culture. English and the French in this book, for all their natural antipathy, their

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peeves and gripes with one another, still share, in spite of themselves, the elementary Christian concepts of charity and justice. Neither will hit a man when he is down; neither accept defeat *here* as in any way representative of defeat *there;* neither (except on one occasion) betray a comrade, under torture or in death. As Humbert Wolfe once wrote:

All that pities
Shares in the heavenly
nunc dimittis.

Romanitas, the civilization of Rome, succeeded by the Christian centuries, made of Yeo-Thomas, himself an agnostic, and of his anti-clerical, and sometimes even Communist, French colleagues, sharers in a given set of accepted values, greater than all of them, which made each one of them behave better than could be expected under the circumstances. How much we are given even when we do not ask!

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In Tradition

TO THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH. By Pamela Frankau. Harper. $3.50.

By WILLIAM PFAFF

GREAT problems, such as take up a good part of contemporary writing, are also individual problems; but it works the other way, and individual problems can also be great ones, and they are more properly the province of fiction. This novel takes up such problems with great competence, and the result is a novel that is part of the deep, orthodox tradition of English fiction. It is an extremely literate and satisfying work.

The story is that of an American cartoonist (a sort of hybrid of Mauldin and Low) who goes to England to work for an enormously powerful British publisher. Levitt, the cartoonist, is a pleasant enough fellow, and in a relatively harmless way, a pathological liar.

Under the shadow of intangible malice cast by the publisher, Levitt loses his fame, but gains that maturity which in palmier days he had found socially unnecessary. He gains as lover and wife the publisher's daughter, a girl whom most readers will remember having met in the country house scenes of British movies. In fact, the whole novel has the adult and unspectacular flavor of a good British film, and if that is not an overly-excited endorsement, neither is it any small compliment.

REVIEWERS

Richard M. Weaver, a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago, is the author of "Ideas Have Consequences."

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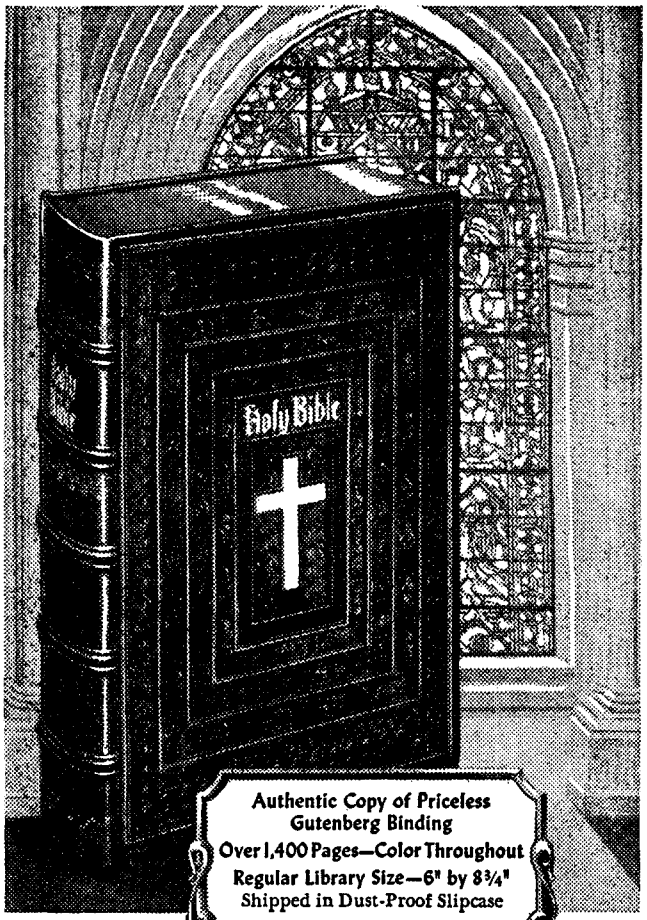

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(signed) Pius P. P. XII

The above excerpt is taken from a Pontifical Letter of the Holy Father, sent to the Most Reverend Edwin V. O'Hara, Bishop of Kansas City and chairman of the Episcopal Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

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